

## EXPOSITION PLANS.

No Lack of Counsellors in the Great Work for 1893.

Multitudinous Suggestions for Mayor Grant's Benefit.

Another Citizens' Meeting Proposed for Raising the Necessary Money.

Mayor Grant's mail is a curious and mighty conglomeration of these ante-exposition days. Everybody who has a suggestion to make concerning the proposed World's Fair in 1893 puts it on paper. Incomes it in an envelope addressed to New York's Mayor and mails it.

Some of the suggestions are really valuable, but more of them are from cranks, and any number of them are too evidently made with the idea of advertising the man who makes them.

In today's mail all these were represented, as well as the manufacturer who wants space for exhibits and the impetuous individual who desires employment as a clerk for the Committee.

Louis Windmiller sensibly suggests that another public meeting be called to start a subscription which will result in the raising of enough money to insure the positive success of the Exposition undertaking.

Charles F. Southard has an idea that a representative American home would be a splendid exhibit, and agrees to look after this branch of the show as a representative of mutual building.

H. I. Kimball, of Atlanta, Ga., who had much to do with the recent Cotton Exposition in that city and who has been named as a candidate for the Committee on Permanent Organization, writes Mayor Grant that he has no desire that such an honor be thrust upon him.

The Mayor's attention is called to the fact that he has not asked that the paperhanging business be represented on his committee.

The nomination of Chas. A. Moore, of Manning, Maxwell, to be one of the Commissioners who shall be charged with the administration of the business of the Exposition, is seconded by Geo. H. Babcock, of the Babcock and Wilcox Company.

Mr. Babcock speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Moore's experience and executive ability.

Rose & Bonnet, carpet designers, ask that their profession be recognized in the making up of the Mayor's committee.

The Jefferson Labor Club of Journeymen Plumbers, Sanitary & Fitting, of the Jewelers Journal, and the Evans Costume Co., endorse the fair project and pledge the Mayor their warmest support in his efforts to forward it.

Edward Gulick has an idea that Fleetwood Park would be a proper site for the Exposition buildings and recommends it for the Mayor's consideration.

The fur trade of the city and Brooklyn has united in naming Franklin L. Guther as its representative on the Fair Committee.

One brilliant suggestion was to the effect that a committee should be appointed to visit the Paris Exposition and learn the lessons of its success.

The Mayor's correspondent who suggested this was willing to serve on this committee.

Dr. G. D. Nichols, who proposed to Mayor Grant as a good man to represent the corner trade on the committee, by a gentleman who bargains that because Dr. Nichols organized Democratic clubs in every town in Connecticut during the last campaign, that there is in him the recommendation of a manager of a World's Fair.

F. B. Hunter, named Lawrence Valentine as representative agriculturist and Charles S. Higgins, of Brooklyn, as the representative of the soap manufacturers on the committee.

Dr. P. M. Hexter, of the American Agriculturist is also named.

Moseman & Bros., the saddlery and harness dealers, ask for exhibition space 25x50 and hurry for a tower 1,500 feet high.

Seventeen prominent paper manufacturers and dealers unite in asking that Warner Miller be placed in a prominent executive position in connection with the proposed Fair.

## DEAD AND UNKNOWN.

One More Added to the Long List of Unfortunates.

"She's been dead seventy-three hours today and I'll bury her Monday in Potter's Field."

Scene—A room lined with sheet-iron, rough wooden cases lying about on wooden trestles, and lobster-tail remains slightly raising the lids in several instances, while the acrid, nauseous stench of rotten human corpses taints the muggy air. The speaker was a middle-aged man with a heavy, drooping gray mustache, who moved about among the disintegrating corpses with the nonchalance of a scavenger inspecting beds of heliotrope or veronica.

"He" was one more in the long procession of unfortunates whose lives have ended in death.

Portentous text on woman's folly and man's selfishness, those poor remains of young Lizette Howard and her unborn babe.

Her linen was marked "L" and the brace that clasped her slender wrist, and which had to be cut from the swollen member, was of the kind known as a "porte-bonheur," viz., one that is locked on with a tiny key. The lover clings it on the fair one's arm, fastens it and keeps the key.

Poor girl! it was a "porte-malheur" casket for her.

The real cause of the girl's death will probably never be known. There were marks of violence on her arms but no traces of any criminal operation on her body.

The report of Coroner Levy was that death resulted from natural causes. Deputy Coroner Weston declared it was due to "cerebral congestion."

Two human beings less and one unknown hillock to the Potter's Field—that is the result in brief, and the world wags on and cares not at all.



imitations and have sore hands and find your clothing going to pieces. Moral—use the original and best. Sold everywhere.

## SHEEDY'S WINNINGS.

\$8,700 Won One Night and Smaller Sums Later.

He Occasionally Drops a Thousand or So, but Doesn't Mind It.

Saratoga Receives a Visit from Perhaps the Coolest Gambler in the Country.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

SARATOGA, Aug. 3.—A smooth-faced, clear-eyed man, who has the appearance of a priest, has been a visitor here for some time. He dresses entirely in black, is mild of manner, and attracts little attention on the street.

It is in the gambling-houses, however, that his appearance creates a stir.

He is Mr. Pat Sheedy, perhaps the coolest gambler in the United States.

Mr. Sheedy was educated for the priesthood, but his inclinations were towards a more tumultuous life, so he never took the vows.

Several nights ago he dropped quietly into Kennedy, Ganley & Randall's place, threw a couple of crisp one-hundred-dollar notes on the faro table, and drew towards him the two neat piles of chips banded in return.

Then the game began. Mr. Sheedy played without the slightest show of interest. The little pile of chips was doubled in ten minutes, then the gambler was away. Two more crisp bills replenished them.

Luck then turned his way and the chips multiplied in an astonishingly rapid manner. The other players had stopped and watched the game.

"Guess he's won \$3,000," remarked an habitué of the place, whose last dollar had gone over the board.

Mr. Sheedy's eyebrows raised a little. It's a hoodlum to estimate one's winnings. The "busted" gambler blushed at the reproach, and the playing went on.

When Mr. Sheedy turned to leave the table he carried with him \$8,965 winnings.

As he passed the buffet an obsequious waiter offered him a glass of wine.

"Just water, thank you," said Mr. Sheedy.

He never drinks spirituous liquors. It would interfere with his business.

Since that night Mr. Sheedy's playing has been watched with interest. He did not make any very great winnings or losses until Wednesday night, when the house won something over \$2,000.

On Thursday night Mr. Sheedy lost \$3,100 more. But last night he was a winner again, though only for a small amount.

Mr. Sheedy has been known to have won \$30,000 at a sitting, and his movements are watched with interest.

## BENECKE'S JUMP TO DEATH.

AFTER COMPLETING A LONG SWIM HE MAKES A HAZARDOUS LEAP.

Rudolph Benecke, a waiter in the Grand View Hotel, at Fort Hamilton, this morning swam across the Narrows from the hotel to the Staten Island shore and back again.

When he reached the hotel on his return from the long swim one of the guests dared him to jump from the second piazza of the hotel to the water, a distance of about 70 feet.

Mr. Benecke, who is a stout man, and who he died soon after being taken from the water.

## ACTOR VON DER LUKE LOCKED UP.

His Wife Charges Him With Faithless Conduct and Desertion.

Henry C. Von der Luke, an actor well known to the variety stage, was arrested at Police Headquarters this morning on the charge of abandonment offered by his wife Laura, who is also on the stage.

Mrs. Von der Luke says that Harry became infatuated with a giddy blonde and kept two establishments. This did not suit the wife, who had been a housewife, and she obtained a warrant against the faithless husband.

Inspector Byrne's detectives found Henry in Brooklyn, where he was enjoying himself unconcernedly with his companion.

He is thirty-two years of age and his accusing wife is twenty-nine years of age.

## Amelie Rives Outdone by a Passionate Novelists of the Erotic School. Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

## THE WHITAKER WILL FORGER.

Released from Prison in Broken Health After Nearly Eight Years.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 3.—Wm. Dickerson, the celebrated Whitaker will forger, was released from the Penitentiary this morning, after serving a sentence of seven years and nine months. He forced a will covering an estate of a millionaire, but ruin has wrecked his health.

## CLOUDBURST AT SPUTEN DUYVIL.

The Oldest Inhabitant Never Saw Such a Fall of Rain.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

POTOMAC, Aug. 3.—There was a cloudburst at Spouten Duvil, this morning, causing a washout and delaying trains bound north. The oldest inhabitants never witnessed such a fall of rain.

## Insane from Smoking Cigarettes.

Max Caserio, twenty-nine years old, was held by Justice Duffy in the Essex Market Police Court today for examination as to his sanity. According to Caserio's friends and relations, the young man's insanity has been caused by the incessant use of cigarettes. Last night he was found aimlessly wandering about Grand street and an officer took him into custody.

Everybody is Reading "Blind Love," Wilkie Collins's Last and Best Romance, Running in the SUNDAY WORLD.

## Hot Weather

is the very best time to try Pyle's Pearline.

Then the wash is largest, and a saving of time and toil is best appreciated. Think

of doing a large wash with little or no rubbing. Consider how much longer your delicate summer clothing will last if not rubbed to pieces on a washboard. A saving is a gain. You'll be surprised and pleased with the cleanliness, satisfaction and comfort which comes of the use of PEARLINE. Simple—any servant can use it. Perfectly harmless—you can soak your finest linen and laces in Pearline and water for a month, with safety. Delightful in the bath—makes the water soft. Perhaps you have been using some of the imitations and have sore hands and find your clothing going to pieces. Moral—use the original and best. Sold everywhere.

Pearline is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

## MORE RAIN TO-DAY.

The Weather Clerk Promises One or Two Showers.

But To-Morrow, He Says, Will Be Fair and Cool.

Sylvan Lake Breaks Its Bonds and Empties Into the Ocean.

"Sergeant Dunn, what extenuating circumstances have you got for such an unprecedented run of weather?" asked an Evening World reporter of the cool young man in the Equitable.

"To-morrow, fair and cooler weather," he retorted, quickly. "I've got the nerve to say it."

"Then what about the report that the psychrometer is on a strike, all worn out with dropping from complete saturation to 25 or 30 degrees of humidity?"

"It hasn't dropped to less than 75 degrees the last eight days, and is having the best time it ever had in its life."

"My talking machine is burst up this morning. Somebody got at it and ran it with the screw down and it just furrowed the wood up to the cylinder. So I'll have to give you the points over now."

"The rain this morning, from 7.55 to 9.45, dropped 60.100ths of an inch. There will be one or two more showers to-day," he added, with stoical malevolence.

"The high barometer in the South that is doing all this wet business is still hanging about 30. The rain is still doing its work at the Atlantic seaboard. The rest of the country is enjoying a fair, nice style of weather."

"Jacksonville, Fla., had 42.100 of a rainfall this morning, and it ran along the coast and the New England section is getting its dose now."

"The highest temperature this morning was 84 degrees at Key West, Fla., and the lowest was 50 degrees at Moorhead, Minn."

"The record for the principal cities is 76 for New York City and Boston, 74 for Philadelphia and Washington, 66 for Chicago, 70 for St. Louis, 50 for New Orleans and Jacksonville."

"There will be a riot if this rain racket doesn't let up, and the outraged citizens will swarm up to the city of iniquity at the top of the Equitable and test Sergeant Dunn to death with wet umbrellas. He has got to be down to death any way, but this would have a touch of justice in it if he doesn't turn off the cold-water faucet."

"It is a ludicrous and fearful sight to see people suddenly break into a trot and disappear in side doors, like prize dogs in the burrows, as a new Pluvial assault is worked off on them."

Sylvan Lake, one of the chief attractions at the World's Fair, is now a sheet of water dividing Avon from Bradley Beach.

It was about a mile in length, about two hundred yards wide, and was only divided from old ocean by a low and narrow strip of sand.

The lake swelled rapidly, and soon overflowed this slight barrier. About midnight the water broke through the sand-bar, and rushed away into the sea.

In less than an hour the lake was drained.

An effort will be made to restore it as soon as the rain ceases.

## WILD STEER IN THE STREET.

A TEXAS LONG-HORN RUNS AMUCK IN WILLIAMSBURG.

A Texas steer, fresh from the great South-west, tried to run Williamsburg single handed, without gun or club, and his funeral took place this morning.

He was one of a lot of long horns that came in a special car over the Pennsylvania Railroad yesterday.

At Jersey City they were given all they could drink, and felt in a very frisky mood upon reaching Williamsburg. Private arrangements had been secured for the party at Levy & May's slaughter house in Johnson avenue, and it was while going there that Mr. A. Texas Steer took it into his head to run amuck.

He gave a wild Western whoop, and dashed down Montrose avenue.

He evidently determined to own the town, and for a good while found no one willing to dispute his right.

A small twelve-year-old girl was not quick enough in getting out of the brute's way, whereupon he caught her and tossed her high up in the air.

Fortunately the child landed in a bank of sand, twenty feet away from the brute, and only received a bad shaking up.

Mr. Steer next gored a valuable horse, which gave up the ghost thirty minutes later.

Albert Lonsbury, of 129 Conesville street, owned the horse, but when he tried to find out who owned Mr. Steer, he was told that it was a stray animal, and that no one was responsible for its actions.

Everybody in Williamsburg finally turned out to capture that steer, and they did. Mr. Steer's body looked like a lead mine combined with a brick yard after the inhabitants finished with him, and there was hardly enough of the Western bravo left to make a respectable showing at the funeral this morning.

## 4,000,000 POUNDS OF SUGAR DAILY.

To Be the Product of Claus Spreckels's Mammoth New Refineries.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 3.—The immense sugar refinery of Claus Spreckels is nearing completion.

As soon as finished, the entire building will be equipped and given a double plant capacity of four million pounds of sugar daily, and with an increase of capital invested to \$5,000,000.

The present plant, without the machinery, will cost a million and a half.

## DIED.

CULMER.—MARY CULMER, in the 56th year of her age.

Relative and friends of the family and of her son, J. C. Culmer, are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from her late residence, 87 Pike st., to-morrow, at 2 P. M.

SWENY.—Thursday, Aug. 1. MARY A. SWENY, native of Enniskillen, Ireland.

Funeral at 2 o'clock Sunday, Aug. 4, from residence, 355 East 89th st.

MAHER.—At 120 South Park st., Elizabethport, N. J., Aug. 2, 1889, Mrs. KATHA MAHER, a native of Baltimore, Parish of Kyle, Queens County, Ireland, aged 32 years, R. I. P.

Funeral at 2 P. M. Monday, Aug. 5, from residence, 120 South Park st., Elizabethport, N. J.

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## PATSY'S HARD LUCK.

Tommy Robinson Drowned When He Threw Him in the River.

Sank Perversely When the Gang Only Meant to Duck Him.

Despair of the Twelve-Year-Old When Arraigned in Court for Homicide.

There was a look of pathetic despair on young Patsy Casey's freckled face as he stood on the prisoners' line in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning.

"Oh, dear," it seemed to say, "it was a sorry day for you that you were ever born Patsy Casey. You have done it now and they will give it to you."

Patsy twirled his soft hat with many holes in the crown and sighed.

He sighed many times before he was finally brought up before the Justice.

"What? That child? Impossible!" said His Honor, but Patrick spoke up, trembling a little, and declared:

"That's right, Judge. He is giving it to you straight, but I never meant it."

"The first Friday in every August is 'laughing day' along the river front, and the fellows pitch every one that comes along into the river."

"It's more fun if they can't swim, but no one ever gets drowned, for the gang pull 'em right out again."

"Tommy and I swam, so I just give him a shove and over he went."

"I expected he would come right up again, but he didn't, so I dove for him and tried to get him out, but he was stuck in the mud at the head of the sluic."

"Some men came up and helped me, but when we got Tommy out he was dead," concluded the youthful prisoner.

Robinson lived at 347 West Twenty-sixth street, and his mother was talking to the neighbors on the roof when a strange man entered the room and said:

"There is a boy drowned at Twenty-fifth street, and they do say as how—ahem—that—er—well, his name is Robinson."

Mrs. Robinson screamed and the man fled. She started for the water, and on the way found a mournful procession carrying her dead boy home to her.

He was twelve years old and Patsy Casey is the same age.

Every one believes that Casey tells the truth about the occurrence.

The boys were known to have been stanch friends.

Casey was held to await the action of the Coroner.

## JACK BURGESS IN A CELL.

Byrnes Has the Pufflet and His Wife for Stealing Jewelry.

The cell at Police Headquarters which John L. Sullivan recently vacated is occupied now by another pufflet of renown in his class, Edward Julius Jack Burgess.

The Burgess disappeared and all trace of him was lost. Burgess was a newspaper paragraph to the effect that Jack Burgess was in training in Detroit for a fourth-year prizefighter, while the couple were on a visit at the home.

Jack was surprised in his training quarters at the home of a friend, and was taken to the police station.

The sisters, Nettie and Louise, were daughters of the Rev. Frank Webb, a respected clergyman of Yonkers.

Nettie married the prize-fighter, Louisie Mr. Jack Burgess, and the couple were on a visit at the home.

After years of vain remonstrance and patient suffering, the wife of Burgess was finally separated from him, and he was living apart when the robbery took place.

## Sunday, Fair Weather Promised.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—For Eastern New York: Local showers, followed by clearing weather; fair on Sunday; a slight fall in temperature; westerly winds.

The weather to-day, indicated by Bickley's thermometer:

Lightning Strikes in New Haven.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

NORWALK, Conn., Aug. 3.—A heavy thunder-shower passed over this city this morning and continuing strike the residences of Editor B. W. Maples, Senator E. J. Hill and William Lockwood. Several trees and telephone poles about town were also struck.

Mr. Dodge Fined \$10.

James F. Dodge, son of ex-Alderman Dodge, was fined \$10 in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning for causing a disturbance by shouting and using profane language.

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## FIRE SALE

AT THE

PALAIS ROYAL

Corner 5th Ave. and 14th St.

COMMENCING

Monday, Aug. 5.

This Establishment, famous for the choicest lines of Imported Novelties, such as Fans, Dolls, Parasols, Laces, Handkerchiefs, Trimmings, Leather Goods, Gloves, Umbrellas, Canes, Hosiery Underwear, Shawls, &c.

We are happy to state that many of these departments are but very slightly damaged, and will be disposed of at a great sacrifice.

Don't Miss This Rare Chance.